

A Famous Italian Cemetery.

Hawthorne in his *Mardi* Pan, thus describes the famous cemetery of the Capucin.

The cemetery is beneath the church, but of irregular shape, and is a very

corridor runs along beside these windows, and gives access to three or four vaulted

recesses or chapels, of considerable height, and high, the floor, which consists of the

consecrated earth of Jerusalem. It is

smoothed decorously over the deceased brethren of the convent, and is kept quite free

even in the gloomy recesses, if pains were not bestowed to root them up. But, as the

cemetery is small, and it is a precious privilege to sleep in holy ground, the brotherhood

are immemorially accustomed, when one of their number dies, to take the longest-vaulted

skeleton out of the oldest grave, and lay the new number there instead. Thus each of

the good friars, in his turn, enjoys the luxury of a consecrated bed, attended with the slight drawback of being forced to get up long before daybreak, as it were, and make room for another lodger.

The arrangement of the unearthly skeleton is that makes the special interest of the cemetery. The arched and vaulted walls of the

burial recesses are supported by massive pillars and pilasters made of thick bones and skulls, the whole material of the structure

appears to be of a similar kind; and the knobs and embossed ornaments of this strange

architecture are represented by the joints of the smaller bones of the human frame. It is

most skillfully in bas-relief. There is no possibility of descending lower and grotesquer in the effect, combined with a certain artistic merit, nor how much perverted ingenuity

has been shown in this queer way, nor what a multitude of dead monks, through long

hundred years, must have contributed their bony frame-work to build up these great

arches of mortality. On some of the skulls there are inscriptions, purporting that such a monk, who formerly

lived here, died on such a day and year, but hardly the greater number are piled up indistinguishably into the architectural

design like the many deaths that make up the glory of Robert's

On the following day, as Robert was walking up Chestnut-street en route for his counting-room, he was overtaken by a

friend, who, after passing the usual compliments of the season, remarked—

"I see you wish to dispose of your sorrel."

"Yes," replied Bob laconically in a monotone.

"Good home!" ventured his friend.

"Good home!" returned Bob.

"I presume you'll want it?"

"Warrant him!" and Bob took a long puff at his cigar. "Of course, I shall warrant him literally to my advertisement."

"And you'll warrant him good and sound?"

"Do you know, Bob, I've half a mind to invest personally. I think the only reason you have for selling is that you wish to leave the city."

"Correct to the letter."

"After a few moments' thought the bargain was struck, and in half an hour Bob smiled pleasantly to see his friend gallop down the street astride the sorrel, and the purchaser came with it.

"Bob," he said, "I'm glad."

"Tours to command, Bob."

"Bob, I don't want to get in a fine frenzy about my sorrel. I entertain great respect for that sorrel, when I remember his pedigree, and all that sort of thing."

"Dammed by myself!" Bob boomed.

"And damned by myself!" Bob boomed.

"Now, I swear, Bob, you know that I am not a fool."

"I should say not," was the meek rejoinder.

"But I swear, Bob, it's too bad."

"No, you don't tell me so."

"But I insist that I do tell you so. The sorrel brute was a fine fellow, and you own it. Bob, you've swindled me. You knew he wasn't worth his feed."

"Splendid animal! But I'll abide by my warranty."

"And literally to my advertisement!"

"Well, Bob, he goes very well till he comes to a bridge, and then he stops. For my word, I've done every thing but prying him over with a fence rail."

"Not a step."

"I know it," said Bob, calmly.

"Know it? Then what becomes of your warranty? Know it? And yet you called him a good horse?"

"I didn't warrant him on that point, though. In fact I insisted it was quite plainly in the morning paper as a reason for not wishing to part with him, that he would never cross a bridge."

"I have a copy here. Read such a clause if you can, and I'll submit to the loss with pleasure. Would not cross a bridge, eh? Why, there's not such a word in the advertisement."

"Bob took the paper from his hand and read slowly and distinctly, with a curious twinkling of the eye.

"Sole reason for sale, that the owner wishes to leave the city."

"As the last rays of the setting sun tinged the high chimney-pots and clothed the dark, dead walls with golden splendor, a quivering little voice was heard to respond: 'That's so!'"

A Baptist Ball.

The following will show the humble and Christ-like spirit with which Mr. Spurgeon bears his burden.

The English correspondent of *The Boston Recorder*, referring to the difficulty in the general Baptist body in England, relative to Rev. J. B. Brown's recent volume of sermons, says that seven Baptist clergymen, among whom were Messrs. Steane, Katterns, Angus, Brock, and Spurgeon, signed a protest against Mr. Brown's Book and a favorable review of it in *The Freeman*, and that the latter gentleman having learned that Mr. Brown, who is an eloquent speaker, had been requested to address the Union on missions, wrote to the trustees demanding that they should notify Mr. Brown not to speak, threatening, if they did not do so, he would break down the Society. To the honor of the trustees, it is said that they unanimously refused to submit to such dictation, but Mr. Brown, having learned from other sources of the opposition to him, addressed a note to the trustees, excusing himself from addressing the Union. This, if the statement is correct, is a very singular step for Mr. Spurgeon to take. He certainly ought to know, if any one, that no denominations of Christians were ever more intolerant of Popes, without or within, than the Baptists, and any threats like the one imputed to him could not fail to materially diminish his influence among his brethren.

A New Submarine Lantern.—An interesting trial with a new submarine lantern of peculiar construction has recently been made at the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and the result elicited high commendation. The lantern was first lowered down to the bottom of the river, then separate tests were made as to the exact distance rays of light could be seen from the surface. Also the lantern was lowered to the bottom, so as to distinguish accurately distant objects. An observer lowered to the depth of six feet, from the bottom, the lantern being sunk four feet, was so clearly seen that the grain of the wood was distinctly visible. The rays of the light were visible upon the surface of the river when the lantern was sunk to the depth of twelve feet. These experiments were made in thick sand, water, and it is stated that, had it not been that the board of examiners in attendance were satisfied as to the principles involved, the lantern would have been kept burning under the water for three hours. The same principles which govern at the depth of sixteen feet will, it is claimed, prove equally successful at the depth of ninety or one hundred feet.

THE BENEFIT OF SMALL TALK.—Nobody abuses small talk unless he is a stranger to its consequences. Small talk is the small change of life, there is no getting on without it. We have met with men who are too lofty for small talk—they were above such trifling in other words, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased.

THE CINCINNATI DAILY PRESS.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER, PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

SUNDAYS NOT EXCEPTED.

—BY—

H. REED & CO.

PROPRIETORS.

—AT—

ONE CENT!

SEVEN CENTS PER WEEK!

MAILED AT

Three Dollars and a Half a Year

OFFICE:

VINE-ST., BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH

OFF. THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

—

The Proprietors of the DAILY PRESS offer to the public a complete newspaper, into which more matter is condensed than is contained in some of the larger papers of this city, and which they furnish at a price that brings it within the reach of every man and woman in Cincinnati, who are able to labor.

We ask a fair comparison of the Press with the other papers of this city or of any other city, and the judgment of our readers whether we do not furnish a paper equally attractive at one-half, or less than half the cost of the other Cincinnati dailies.

The DAILY PRESS, since it came under the present management, has increased rapidly in circulation, and has now probably as large a circulation within the city of Cincinnati as any other journal, and is increasing at a rate equal to the most sanguine expectations of its proprietors.

From its large circulation, and from its size which makes advertisements much more conspicuous than they can be in the large papers, THE DAILY PRESS offers the most valuable advertising medium in this city. Its advertising business has largely increased, and its columns are a respectable exhibit of the business and enterprise of the city. Its columns are especially looked for by a large class of advertisers of "Wants" and "For Sale," and for servants, etc., which almost invariably bring prompt answers. People who are out of employment, or who want to find employment, can place their needs before thousands of the laboring or employing classes by a twenty-five-cent advertisement in THE DAILY PRESS.

The DAILY PRESS has also a larger circulation in Covington and Newport than the aggregate of all the other Cincinnati papers.

Business men in Cincinnati can in no way increase their business so easily and certainly as by advertising in this paper.

Routes can be easily established for the DAILY PRESS in any of the towns within a day's distance of Cincinnati by railroad, and carriers will find that a little energy and labor will build up routes which will be valuable to them; and the great number of a one-cent paper that can be distributed in almost any town, will furnish a handsome income to the carrier.

We are ready to make arrangements for routes in towns not yet occupied, with persons who can furnish satisfactory assurances of character and responsibility.

THE CINCINNATI DAILY PRESS.

—A—

FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS

DEVOTED TO

Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, Science, The Arts, Commerce, Agriculture, Mechanics, Education.

—BY—

EVERY THURSDAY

COMMENCING APRIL 11,

FROM THE

OFFICE OF THE DAILY PRESS,

Vine-st., opp. Custom House.

—BY—

H. REED & CO.

PROPRIETORS.

—AT—

One Dollar a Year,

IN ADVANCE.

To encourage the formation of Clubs, TWELVE PAPERS will be sent to one address for THREE DOLLARS, and a greater number will be a complete Family Library, second in the merit and variety of its contents, to no paper in the country. This, and the low price at which it is offered, especially to clubs, is expected to give it a large circulation, both North and South.

MONEY! MONEY!

LOAN OFFICE

REMOVED FROM 99 WEST SIXTH-STREET.

MONEY LOANED ON WATCHES, JEWELRY, and all kinds of merchandise, at low rates of interest, at No. 173 Vine-street, between Third and Fifth.

FOR CASH AND CREDIT.

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